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A graphic album tour-de-force by Frank Thorne, collecting the space adventures serialized in *Heavy Metal*.

MORE TELL-ALLS

In response to my promise to gratify requests for intimate, personal secrets about comic book creators, reader J. P. Thill, of Rickreall, Oregon (I hope I figured his handwriting out correctly!) writes, "This inquiring mind would like to know more about the personal lives of Paul Gulacy, Dave Stevens, and Pedro Henry." Okay, fellow-human—your wish is my command. Here's the scoop:

PAUL GULACY: Last time Dean and I visited Paul, his wife Valerie and her sister had just inherited a pool hall in Portland, Oregon. Paul was painting pages for *Six from Sirius*, but he found time to take us down to the pool parlour and show us around. He also took us out to a Chinese restaurant run by a friend of his late father-in-law, and the food there was stupendous!

At the pool hall I saw that most of the tables were of one size, but one table right near the door was different. It had no pockets, and people played a game on it with only three balls. Not only that, but during the hours we were there, only Oriental people played this game. I asked Tom, the manager, if it was a special Oriental version of pool, but he said no, it was regular old carom billiards and it was just a co-incidence on this night that no Caucasions or Blacks had signed up for that table. Paul played pool with Dean while I watched one group of Orientals after another sign up for that billiard table. Funny how you notice things like that.

Anyway, Paul is not the kind of guy who hangs examples of his own artwork all over the walls. Valerie told me she liked his *Six from Sirius* pages so much that she wanted to line a whole room, ceiling and all, with them. I think that would look great!

Paul says his secret desire is to be a comedian. He refers to this as "repressed comedic exhibitionism" but it's not all that repressed, in my opinion. The other night, while I was signing him on to do the front cover for *Miracleman* no. 5, he kept me laughing by doing impressions of Jimmy Stewart, Charles Bronson, Gregory Peck, Clint Eastwood and Howard Cosell.

DAVE STEVENS: I already did one info paragraph on Dave, but since it was short, I'll add some more. Dave is what is known as a "sharp dresser." He always wears really cool clothes, and they fit him. That's not as common among comic book creators as you might think, so don't laugh.

PEDRO HENRY: Hmmm. Well, as you know, the name "Pedro Henry" is a pseudonym for a British comic book author whose work has also appeared in magazines such as *Warrior* under his real name. Most people think that he is Alan Moore or Dez Skinn, but he isn't either one of those guys. We held a contest a while ago, and less than a dozen people guessed his name, despite the clues I gave. If I were him, I wouldn't want people not to know me, and the fact is that in England almost everybody knows who he is. Eclipse has published some stuff by him under his actual name, reprinted from British sources, but that hasn't seemed to help American fans figure out his identity.

I sure would love to tell all, but he made me promise not to. I *will* say that he has light brown hair, a moustache, and a slender build. His initials are... Well, one of his initials is "M."

catherine yronwode

IN YOUR HANDS

Last issue, Scout disposed of Chippy Waltz, who also happened to be the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States of America. According to Scout, the man was a monster—a buffalo monster, to be precise. Now Scout's off to Houston, with Little Miss Strange by his side, and his erstwhile compadres, Sgt. Rosanna Winter and Sgt. Raymond Vaughn, U.S. Army, hot on his trail. What's in Houston? Would you believe the President of our nation, in the Astrodome...?

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CHAPTER 3: MACHINE-GUN

TIMOTHY TRUMAN/AUTHOR & ILLUSTRATOR · TIM HARKINS LETTERER · SAM PARSONS PAINTER · CAT YRONWODE EDITOR

...AFTER MOM DIED, MY BROTHER AND I GOT PITCHED AROUND A LOT. FINALLY ENDED UP WITH OUR AUNT IN THE SUBURBS. SHE WAS A DRUNK--A REAL PIECE OF WORK.
ONE NIGHT WE FOUND HER PASSED OUT ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR. WE TOOK THE KEYS TO HER VAN AND PARTIED FOR A FEW WEEKS. DANNI STARTED SELLING DRUGS OUT OF THE BACK OF THE VAN. AUNT TILLIE MUST HAVE SOBERED UP JUST LONG ENOUGH TO REPORT US. THE COPS TOOK DANNI. I MANAGED TO GET AWAY.
SOME FRIENDS TOLD ME ABOUT AL. SAID HE TAKE CARE OF ME. RIGHT. WE BOTH KNOW WHERE THAT GOT ME.
SO HERE WE ARE. HOUSTON. AND I THOUGHT THINGS WERE BAD IN TUCSON....
WHAT THE HECK. I'LL FIND SOMETHING TO DO HERE. I SING. DID I TELL YOU THAT? USED TO GIG WITH DANNI'S BAND. THINK THEY NEED SINGERS HERE?
SINGERS? SURE. FUNERALS ALWAYS HAVE SINGERS.
YOU ARE ONE MOROSE JACK. YOU KNOW THAT, SCOUT? WHAT'S THE STORY, MAN? HOW'D YOU GET TO BE SUCH A FUNLOVIN' GUY?
FUN? YEAH. I USED TO HAVE FUN. BACK WHEN THEY LET MY FOLKS RUN THEIR OWN BUSINESS AND RAISE THEIR OWN CATTLE AND TURN BROWN DUST INTO GREEN CORN. WE WERE DOING PRETTY WELL. THEN THEY FOUND URANIUM UNDER OUR HILL.
THE EMERGENCY RESOURCES ACT BROKE UP OUR TRIBAL BARGAINING COALITION. THE FEDS TOOK CARE OF C.E.R.T.. THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS TOLD US TO MOVE. MY DAD AND SOME OTHERS TRIED TO KEEP THE PEOPLE TOGETHER. HE WAS BEATEN TO DEATH IN A FIELD BY THE B.I.A. POLICE.
TWO OF MY UNCLES WERE POISONED IN THE MINES. THE WIFE OF ONE GAVE BIRTH TO MENTALLY RETARDED TWINS. MY MOM DRANK HERSELF INTO SCLEROSIS AFTER DAD WAS KILLED. SHE DIED WHILE I WAS AT THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY BURIED HER.
SO YOU TOOK YOUR PET CHIPMUNK AND SPLIT, HUH?

HE'S NOT MY PET. HE'S A GAHN. A HILL SPIRIT.
HILL SPIRIT?
YEAH. HE TELLS ME WHAT TO DO--WHEN HE ISN'T BUSTIN' MY CAJONES AND EATING MY FOOD....
STOP SCRATCHIN'.
YOU REALLY TALK WITH HIM, THEN?
HUH? YEAH. HE HELPS ME FIND THE MONSTERS.
MONSTERS?
UH HUH.
WELL, WELL. THIS HAS BEEN A PLEASANT LITTLE CHAT, HASN'T IT? BUT IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, THOSE GUYS WHO'VE BEEN LAYING OUTSIDE OUR FIRELIGHT HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE THEIR MOVE.
GUYS? WHY DIDN'T YOU...
HEY, MAAAAN. NICE GUN. TOO BAD IT'S ALL TOOK APART.
CLIK!
LIKE IT? HERE'S ANOTHER. COME ON. TAKE A CLOSE LOOK.
SCOUT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAN?

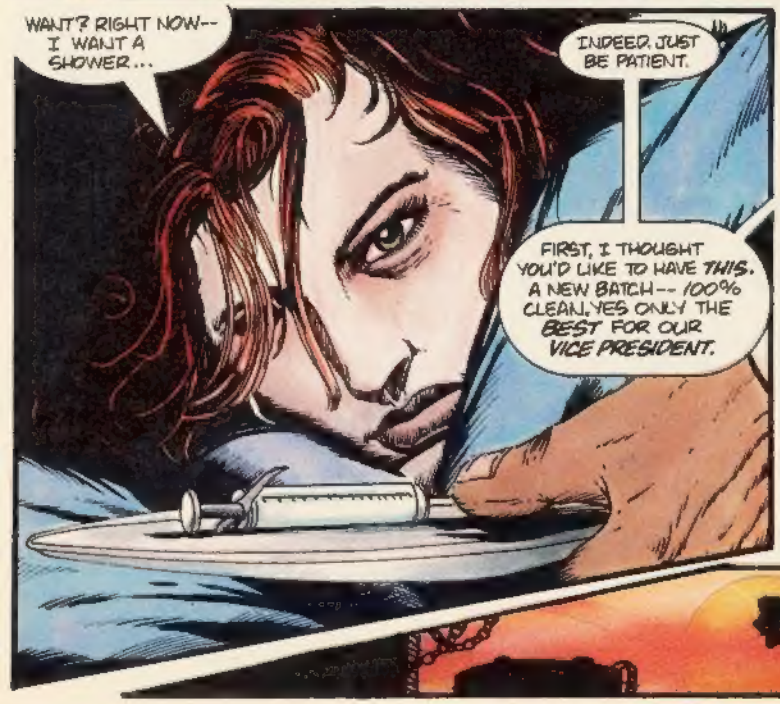
AN' A BLAH BLAH WOOF WOOF LOOK LIKE WE GOT US A REAL WARCHIEF, EH, SKEEBO?
HEH, BETTER LISTEN TO YOUR PIECE, WARCHIEF. YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE US ALL WITH THAT PISTOLA?
I CAN TAKE YOU, ROCK STAR!
WE'VE GOT NUTHIN' FOR YOU. WE'VE GOT AN EMPTY CANTEEN, TWO TORTILLIAS, AND A BIKE RUNNING ON ITS RESERVE TANK. I'VE GOT SOME GUNS. BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE THOSE. SO BACK OFF NOW. THIS AIN'T WORTH IT.
SOUNDS LIKE REAL MOMMY-TYPE GOOD ADVICE TO ME, WARCHIEF.
BOYS...
BRAVO! BRAVO! THE NEW HOUSTON BOYS GLEE CLUB AND CHORUS DOES "HOW THE WEST WAS WON"...
...TAKE HIM!
...PUT AWAY THE TOYS, CHILDREN. RECESS IS OVER.

SEE WHERE YOU ARE PREACHER? AIN'T YOU WANDERIN' A LITTLE FAR FROM YOUR TURF?
DOODY AND I "WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT," GUITAR MAN. SECOND CORINTHIANS 5:7. YOU MIGHT WANT TO LOOK IT UP - NEXT TIME YOU STEAL A BIBLE.
GET ON, MR. DELUXE. THE NEW DISCIPLES OF SOUL DON'T NEED YOUR HELP.
YEAH? WELL I'LL ASK YOU TO REMEMBER THAT AFTER YOUR NEXT DATE, SKEEBO -- BEFORE YOU COME INTO CAMP HUNGO BEGGING FOR PENICILLIN.
BEEN A ROUGH WEEK ON THIS BLOCK, DELUXE. THE S.A. MISSED THEIR FOOD DROP AGAIN. BEEN HAPPENIN' TOO MUCH LATELY.
THEY DIDN'T MISS OUR CAMP, GUITAR MAN. IF YOU'D HAVE CONSULTED WITH ME BEFORE YOU DECIDED TO HIT THE STREETS AGAIN, YOU'D HAVE KNOWN THAT.
CLERC
I HOPE YOU FOLKS WILL EXCUSE THIS INCONVENIENCE. THE DISCIPLES CAN BE GOOD BOYS, REALLY. THEY JUST GET BORED SOMETIMES.
YEAH. A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.
I CAN SEE WE'RE GONNA GET ALONG JUST FINE, M'DEAR.
UCK.
ANYWAY, YOU MUST BE HUNGRY. I MEAN, WHO AIN'T? JUST FOLLOW DOODY AND ME. WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

AS USUAL, MR. EAGRÉ, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER. THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR TAKING SUCH GOOD CARE OF YOUR CHARGE.
WHAT CAN I SAY, BILL? THE PEOPLE BEEN GOOD TO ME.

BILL? IS IT YOU, BILL? CAN I LEAVE NOW? IT'S BEEN-- GOD, HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN...?

SOON, MS. CARVER. NEXT WEEK, THERES A PRESS CONFERENCE. PRESIDENT GRAIL WILL ANNOUNCE HIS PLANS.
UNTIL THEN, MR. EAGRÉ WILL CONTINUE TO MEET YOUR NEEDS. JUST ASK HIM FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT.


WANT? RIGHT NOW-- I WANT A SHOWER...
INDEED. JUST BE PATIENT.
FIRST, I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE THIS. A NEW BATCH-- 100% CLEAN. YES ONLY THE BEST FOR OUR VICE PRESIDENT.

YES.

WELCOME TO *CAMP HUNGO*, FRIENDS. DINO, THERE, AND HIS SALVATION ARMY FOLKS HELP ME RUN IT. I COULDN'T DO THIS WITHOUT HIM AND *DOODY*. OH--WATCH YOUR PET. HE COULD DISAPPEAR FAST AROUND HERE.

AH, SUN'S COMING UP. HOW'BOUT SOME BREAKFAST?

EMANUEL SANTANA! SCOUT! WE KNOW YOU'RE DOWN THERE. THIS IS THE U.S. ARMY. GIVE YOURSELF UP! COME OUT--NO GUNS--AND NO ONE WILL BE HURT!
SCOUT...?
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
C'MON, ROSA. WHY WE HANGIN' BACK? LET'S WASTE THE CAMP AND SORT'EM OUT LATER....
ONLY IF NECCESSARY, VAUGHN. THERE ARE S.A. PEOPLE DOWN THERE. LET'S HANDLE THIS CLEANLY, AND KEEP THE BODY COUNT MINIMAL..FOR ONCE.
YEAH, OK... AT LEAST IT'LL KEEP THE PAPER WORK LOW.
SCOUT? WHAT ARE WE GONNA...SCOUT?
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WATCHED LUCY? I LOVED THAT SHOW...!
QUIET!
WHERE DID HE--BLAST! HE SLIPPED OUT!
HE'S GOOD. I'D FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD.
HEY, ROSA. DON'T TELL US ANY SECRETS, NOW... HEH HEH.
YOU AND THE SQUAD WATCH FOR MOVEMENT. I'LL FLANK HIM AND TAKE THE HIGH GROUND.

PSSSSH
?!
HEY, RA! WHAT IT IS? LONG TIME NO SEE.
THINK IT'LL RAIN?
HEH HEH! GOOD ONE, KID.
POW POW POW
YER DEAD MEAT, SANTANA!
PING
BEOW
GRRRRR

ALL RIGHT, GIRL! WHAT'S THE STORY? WHAT'S HE *DONE*?

COULDN'T TELL YOU, PREACH. I JUST RODE IN WITH HIM...

COME OFF IT! DON'T TRY PULLING THAT "*LITTLE MISS LOST*" ACT ON ME.

YEAH, OK...I THINK SCOUT--*KILLED* A COUPLE OF GUYS, A PUBLISHER--AL BONANZA--AND SOME OTHER GUY WHO RAN A BIG FARM IN NEW MEXICO.

AL? BIG AL BONANZA? HUH! SO THAT PORN PEDDLING PIMP FINALLY *GOT* IT, HUH?

I CAN TELL YOU'RE ALL BROKE UP ABOUT IT, REVEREND!

HA. DON'T GET ME WRONG. I PRAYED FOR AL, SURE ENOUGH BUT I PRAYED *HARDER* THAT HE'D BE *STOPPED*. AL BONANZA HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE, GIRL. --MOST OF THEM *CHILDREN*.

WHY'D SCOUT DO IT?

I DON'T KNOW. HE ISN'T EXACTLY A SPARKLING CONVERSATIONALIST. BUT I *DO* KNOW THAT THE GUYS HE KILLED WERE FRIENDS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

YEAH, WELL, AL WAS A REAL POPULAR AT *MIXERS*, TO SAY THE LEAST.

HOW'D *YOU* GET CAUGHT UP IN THIS?

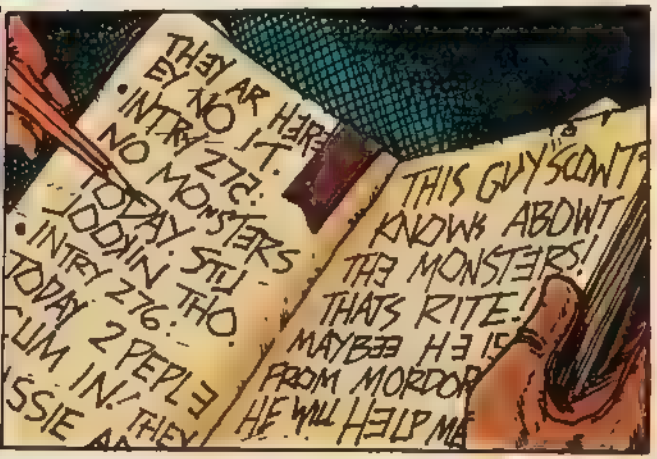
I *TOLD* YOU, MAN! I NEEDED A RIDE, AND I--I--

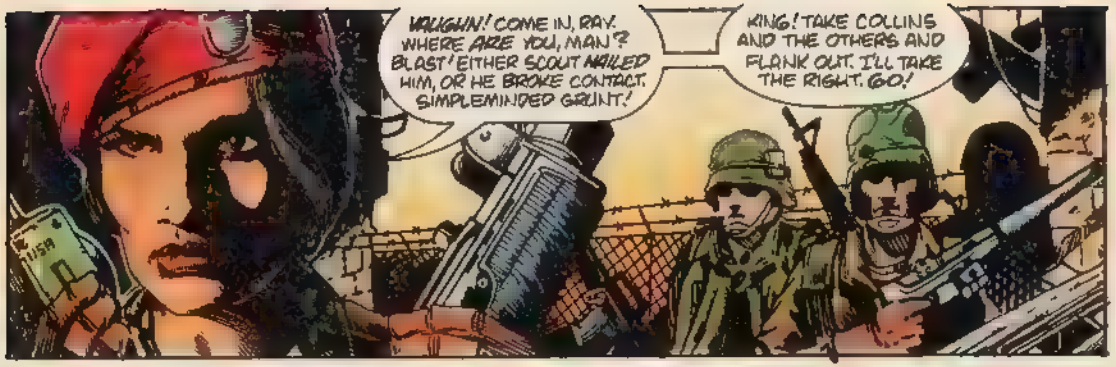
AW, THE TRUTH IS *I DON'T KNOW*. SCOUT'S JUST--*DIFFERENT*....

HA! YOU DON'T SAY. MUST BE JUST WHAT *BONNIE PARKER* USED TO TELL FOLKS.

STILL, THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE. THIS SCOUT'S A WEIRD GUY *CRAZY MAYBE* BUT HE'S NO *HARDCASE*. BEEN ENOUGH HARDCASES COME THROUGH HERE FOR ME TO KNOW *THAT*.

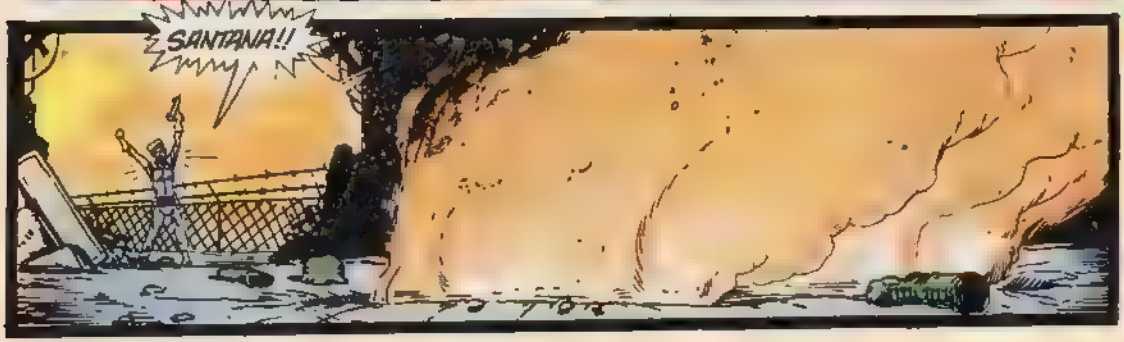
ANYWAY, I CAN'T HAVE YOU TWO AROUND I CAN'T RISK THE CAMP. PEOPLE *NEED* THIS PLACE. JUST GATHER YOUR GEAR AS SOON AS IT LOOKS CLEAR, YOU'RE LEAVING. *DOODY* WILL HELP YOU PACK. *DOODY!* WHERE *IS* THAT BOY...?




VAUGHN! COME IN, RAY. WHERE ARE YOU, MAN? BLAST! EITHER SCOUT NAILED HIM, OR HE BROKE CONTACT. SIMPLEMINDED GRUNT!
KING! TAKE COLLINS AND THE OTHERS AND FLANK OUT. I'LL TAKE THE RIGHT. GO!
USA

GOTCHA, SARGE

BOOM


SANTANA!!

GUESS THEY WON'T HAVE GUTS TO DO THAT AGAIN, AY, KID? HUH HUH
YOU'RE GETTING ON MY NERVES, GAWD
OH, SORRY, GREAT DIYIN'. LOST MY FUZZY HEAD IN ALL THIS EXCITEMENT. I'LL BE QUIET QUIET INDEED AS QUIET AS A LITTLE CHIPMUNK. WHY, I WON'T EVEN TELL YOU THAT THE GUY YOU GAVE THE GOLDEN SHOWER TO IS RIGHT AROUND THE--
TRUE BELIEVERS
TAIL GATORS
--CORNER
TATTA TATTA TATTA
PEOW!
TEOW
SPRUNG!
COME ON OUT, MAN LET'S--
CHACK
--TALK.
UNNFF!

ACK!
YER PEEIN' A LOT OF PEOPLE OFF, BOY. WHY YOU GOIN' 'ROUND KILLIN' GOOD AMERICANS, HUH?
WE COULDN'T EVEN PIECE SECRETARY WALTZ BACK TOGETHER ENOUGH TO HOLD A CLOSED CASKET SERVICE, MAN! WHAT A MESS....
SMAK
HOW'S YER HEAD THESE DAYS, SCOUT? STILL HAVIN' THEM NIGHTMARES...?

ULIGHH!! GAWD!
YOU-- CRAZY RED NIGRA! THEY SHOULD HAVE PUT YOU TO SLEEP WHEN THEY HAD THE CHANCE. LIKE A DRWG, MAN! THEY-- SHOULDA...
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!!
LET HIM GO, SANTANA.
ROSA
EMANUEL SANTANA, A.K.A "SCOUT", YOU ARE HEREBY UNDER MILITARY ARREST, BY ORDER OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR PRESIDENT, JERRY GRAIL.
SO PUT YOUR HANDS UP OR I'LL SPLATTER YOU ALL OVER THE PAVEMENT.

YOU'RE LOOKING FINE, ROSA. THEY'VE TREATED YOU WELL.

UHH-- YOU-- OUGHTTA KNOW, MAN. I MEAN- YOU SEEN HER ALL, AFTER--

SMACK

ENOUGH! LET HIM GO.

NOW!

:UGH..: TELL ME,-- MAN, WHY DIDN'T-- YOU KILL ME?

I DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE YOUR LIFE, PERRO. -- I TOOK YOUR PRIDE.

CUT THE GRADE -B MOVIE RAP EMANUEL LAST CHANCE. BACK OFF.

YOU'RE GONNA SHOOT ME, ROSA? JUST DOING WHAT THEY TELL YOU?

JUST WHAT THEY TELL ME

YOU'RE A GOOD SOLDIER, ROSA TOO BAD YOU COULD HAVE BEEN A WARRIOR.

HERE'S YOUR PAL I'M LEAVING
JUST SHOOT THE SCUMBAG, ROSA!
SCOUT! STOP WHERE YOU ARE...!
SCOUT...
SORRY, MAN.
POW!
POW!
YOU SOLDIERS! N-NO M-M-MOVING! YOU GET AWAY F--FROM MY FRIEND.
GREAT. FLANKED BY A RETARDO. GOOD GOIN', ROSIE.
SHUT UP, RAY.
S-SCOUT! UP HERE! WE GOING!

MUY BUENO, CHICO.
G--GANDALF SENT YOU, RIGHT? WE'LL KILL THE MONSTERS NOW? TOGETHER? R--RIGHT?
AYY, TIGER. CHECK IT OUT. "THE RED MAN AND THE RETARD."
QUITE A SHOW, WARCHIEF. YOU TWO OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR OWN SATELLITE NETWORK.
RANK AND FILE
T-BONE WALKER LIVES!
STAY AWAY FROM ME, ROCK STAR. ALL OF YOU. JUST STAY AWAY.
JUMP
NO! NO PROBLEM HERE, BOYS. COOL OUT. GIVE THE MAN SOME SPACE.
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME YOU GOT PLANS, SCOUT. BIG IDEAS.
GO AHEAD AND DO IT YOUR WAY....BUT IF THERE'S FOOD INVOLVED, OR MEDICINE WE CAN TAKE BACK TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD, GIVE US A CALL....

..YOU MIGHT FIND OUT THAT WE CAN BE A LOT OF HELP!

NEXT: I'AINT... SUPERSTITIOUS

SEE YOU IN THIRTY DAYS AS.... SCOUT GOES MONTHLY

LOCK 'n' LOAD

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO: ECLIPSE COMICS, GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

First of all, thanks to John K. Snyder III for the lettercol logo perched directly above. Johnny 3 designed it during one of his frequent visits to the stately Truman Estate. (He'll do *anything* to avoid washing dishes.)

What do ya think of the "Kelly" *Fashion in Action* paper doll that graces this issue's back cover? Neat, huh? It was cat and John's idea. John wants to do a whole special FIA paper doll book. I think it's a nice idea. (Cat?)

A special note to anyone who's interested: The title for *Scout* Chapter 1 was "EVIL" (from the Howlin' Wolf song of the same name). Somehow, the typesetting I asked for didn't make it to the final boards. Unfortunately, a lot of typos and misspellings *did*.

We apologize, and wil tri nod to led id hapen agin.

Anyway.

* * * *

Kent Kristy
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

In my three exciting years of collecting comics, I have never experienced a thrill as I did when I read *Scout* #1. When I first heard of *Scout*, I pictured it to be another SF war story, but was I soon proved wrong. I have never seen a comic quite like it. From now on, Timothy Truman and *Scout* are going to the top of my buying list. Thanks, Tim!

As for *Fashion in Action*, all I want to say to J.K. is keep up the outstanding work!

Off your knees, Snyder! Can't you see that you're ***embarrassing*** *Mr. Kristy? Seriously, Kent, thanks a lot. Glad you're with us.*

* * * *

Jim Lyons
Mt. View, California

Fairly exciting story w/good art. I don't know much about an M-16, but seems to me you'd want to have the ejection door open before you fired it (or is that why it jammed?)

Fashion in Action: I get the feeling I came in on the middle of the story. Interesting art, but a very weak beginning to the series. I have no desire to see more, perhaps because I feel it will finish as it started, in the middle, and we'll never know who was who or why.

I've never fired or field-stripped an M-16, Jim-boy, so I can't answer your concern there. From my research photos and statistics, I assumed that the ejector hatch opened automatically, to keep grime from getting into the firing chamber. I know that the hatch on my daddy's Remington 12-gauge shotgun did when I fired it. I assume a combat rifle would do likewise. Anyway, M-16s are notorious for jamming. That's why I added the cooling ducts on the barrel housing. In Scout's case the modification doesn't seem to have worked. He hasn't used the rifle since.

Sorry you didn't like ***FIA****. As evidenced by the largely favorable mail, some people don't agree. Nor, obviously, do I. But, hey, that's what makes art so exciting, ain't it?*

* * * *

Christopher Romano
Pacific Palisades, California

When I first picked *Scout* up, I thought it was going to be some sort of take-off of Sly Santangelo from *Coyote*. Luckily it wasn't. Sure, he talks to his "god" in the form of animals and eats peyote by the handfuls, but that's a stereotype of American Indians, and that's one of the things that makes them interesting.

My favorite part about *Scout* was the setting: An America that is ruined, yet not through nuclear war! (We've seen *Judge Dredd* tackle an America that has gone through two nuclear exchanges, and we've seen *Flagg* go at an America that is recovering from a semi-nuclear war.) This idea, out of all I've heard, is unfortunately the most foreseeable.

This book has great potential, and from the look at issue 1 I can tell that Tim is going to take it in wild and wonderful directions. Keep up the good work.

In researching the future I'm portraying in ***Scout****, I've come up with some frightening revelations—the most frightening of which is the fact that we don't need The Bomb to destroy our planet. We're doing very well without it, thank you. For further pontificating on the subject, I'll refer you to the recent interview which those good ol' boys at* ***Amazing Heroes*** *granted me.*

By the way, Chris, I found your mention of stereotypes very interesting. There are such bad connotations with the word these days that I found the context in which you used it very intriguing. The traditionally centered Apache seem to be on very intimate terms with their gods (as, in fact, are most religious people)—so intimate that the Apache refer not to their beliefs as "religion," but as "Life Way." To them, all things contain Power and life-energy—particularly animals, but also inanimate objects and abstract natural phenomena. To get closer to these forces, some Native American groups—though not all—ingested ritual drugs. They felt themselves to be a ***part*** *of the Earth, not Masters of it or a separate force in opposition to it.*

All of which is sort of old hat to us by now, and I guess that's what you meant by stereotyping. However, these people lived their lives for thousands of years without ruining their ecosystems. It's taken us less than 100.

Who'd have a better chance of surviving in Scout's world? Thanks for your kind comments.

* * * *

Thomas Laster
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Scout was by far one of the best comics I've read this year. I've never been a big fan of Eclipse Comics until I read *Scout*. Every aspect of the book made it a pleasure to read; the cover was great, and the interior colors and art were fantastic.

My congratulations and thanks for creating such a wonderful comic.

And thank you for your generous praise, Thomas. By the way, it might pay you to take a look at Eclipse's other titles

*these days. They've been having a very good year—**Strange Days/Johnny Nemo** (Dr. Ill's favorite comic), the **Rocketeer** graphic album (one of the few comics-works which I'd feel comfortable giving to any non-comics person I know), **Bedlam** (by my pals & mentors Veitch and Bissette), the **Lann** collection by Frank Thorne (whom I consider to be the best storyteller and one of the best draftsmen in American comics) which they are distributing for Ken Pierce Books, Alan Moore's **Miracleman**, Michael T. Gilbert's **Mr. Monster**, **Seduction of the Innocent** (with its legendary, never-before-seen art by the **Masters** of our form), not to mention the names that have been popping up in the **Alien Encounters** and **Tales of Terror** anthologies. . . . Now, Eclipse doesn't pay me to plug this stuff, and I ain't into politics. It just so happens that they're books I'd be real excited about anyway, and they happen to be the publishers of **Scout.** Like I said. A good year.*

By the way, Thomas, here's another Kentucky boy you might look up.

• • • •

Elvis "Firewater" Orten
Dawson, Kentucky

Ever since Timbo outlined the framework of a futuristic Indian warrior a coupla years back, I've been waiting quite patiently for the finished product to finally show up somewhere. Well, Eclipse has rewarded my vigil quite handsomely with *Scout* #1.

Scout #1 was Truman at his very best. The book was chock-full of the action and rugged style of artwork that has become his standard. And he still draws the most vivacious females in current comicdom, as borne witness quite capably by (sigh!) the curvaceous Missy.

Also, while my main reason for purchasing the book was due to the lead feature, I really got into the *Fashion in Action* backup. John K. Snyder III did a beautiful job, both artistically and storywise. Furthermore, the concept had the feel of a totally fresh approach surrounding it. (By the way, I'm falling madly in love with Frances.)

See ya'll next issue.

Here's your buck, kid. Now get out of here. . . .

As you can tell, Uncle Elvis and I are hardly strangers to one another. Elvis runs the GRIMJACK FAN CLUB, is a fellow Appalachian, and is the orneriest person I know. He also sends my son birthday presents and conspires with my wife occasionally to buy me surprise Russ Heath art.

*Why did I ever think he would **possibly** like this book?*

Here's another guy who's no stranger.

• • • •

John Ostrander
You Know Where I Live

I've been a fan of yours for the longest time, ever since you began doing *Grimjack* and *Starslayer*. Before that even! So I been reeeeally looking forward to your new *Scout* book, and when it came out I rushed right over to my comic book store and boughted it and I think it's *reeeeally neat*. It's even neater than this month's *Axe-Men* mini-series, "Kitty Goes Hawaiian!" Do you know what's going to happen next in the *Axe-Men*. . . ?

Seriously, though, bro', I think you're off to a *hot* start. I think the art is equal to the best you've done (that first splash page is wonderfully moody and evocative). Since I've had the privilege of getting a sneak peek at some of the later issues, I know the readers ain't seen nothin' yet. I think *Scout*, as a work, is going to represent your next quantum leap forward.

I was also impressed by the writing. I know, as perhaps some of your other readers don't how much research you've done into Indian myths and rites. What I'm impressed with is how you've woven it into your narrative. Also, with how you've handled the exposition, which is one of the trickiest problems for a writer to handle. When do you give information? When do you hold it back? You don't want to lose your readers, but you don't want to tell them too much too soon. It's called selection, and so far you've done a good job of it.

Your use of humor is also good and important. At any rate, I'm a believer in it. Be careful with the Gahn; he's going to try to take over the book and you're going to be inclined to let him because he's so much fun. I *know* what I'm talking about! *(Down, Pomru!)*

Do you know what was the biggest surprise to me this issue? Snyder's *Fashion in Action!* I mean, I knew the guy had talent, but for some reason I wasn't ready for the *sizzle* in this series. The visual flash is reminiscent of Chaykin's *Flagg* without being in any way imitative. Good work, Dr. 3!

Good work all around: colors, lettering, the whole package. I know where your heart is, boyo, and it shows. Go get 'em, Scout!

*The saddest thing about leaving **Grimjack** was leaving Johnny O's scripts. However, John and I have ideas enough to fill a whole rack full of comics. Someday we'll victimize you with some of them.*

*Until then, it's comforting to know that John is still keeping watch over Johnny Gaunt, and that my man Tom Sutton is handling the visuals. John also scripts **Dynamo Joe** for Doug Rice, and together the two of them are showing America how to do a "robot book" (I call **Dynamo Joe** "Das Boot-in-space"). And there's Mr. O's **Dr. Who** play . . .*

*Hey, I'll plug real entertainment **any** time—especially when it's being done by one of my bestest buddies. See ya, madman.)*

• • • •

Jim Hall
Maravette, Michigan

I think *Scout* is your best work to date. I also enjoyed the backup feature, *Fashion in Action*. It adds a nice touch to the package.

• • • •

Eric Sadoyama
Berkeley, California

I've enjoyed Tim Truman's work on *Grimjack* for some time now. I'm glad to say that he writes as well as he draws. Although the storyline of *Scout* cries out for more detail, he's evidently withholding it for later. *Hmm!*

• • • •

Barry Dutter
Scotch Plains, New Jersey

So, Tim Truman can *write*, too! In some ways, I like this series even better than *Grimjack*. Tim knows when to let the pictures speak for themselves. He's truly a fine all-around storyteller. (Sad to see Tim leaving *Grimjack*, though. John Gaunt will never look the same.)

The concept of *Scout* does seem kind of limited, though. Four Monsters are on the loose, so what happens after Scout has killed all four of them? Kind of like the current Saturday morning series, "The 13 Ghosts of Scooby Doo." The question on my mind is always: "What next?"

Sadly, *Fashion in Action* did nothing for me. I know we've only seen one installment of *FIA* so far, and I should give it a chance. I feel cheated getting only 18 pages of Truman.

• • • •

Wally Stoelting
South Bend, Indiana

Just wanted to let you know I enjoyed the first issue of *Scout*. The art, of course, is very good. The background of the future a la *Mad Max* is fine. But the characters of Scout, Missy, and the Gahn are very interesting. The set-up of looking for the remaining monsters should be interesting, but I can't see it lasting past twelve issues. Hopefully, you'll find other things for Scout to do. I'd also like to see more Indian lore.

I have mixed reactions to *Fashion in Action*. The characters seemed okay for what little we saw of them, the story idea and plot are fine, but I really didn't like the art very much. I think my main complaint is the coloring. First, there was too much light or yellowish green. Second, too many scenes

had too much of one color Perhaps future issues not set in ballrooms will eliminate this problem

Altogether, you have a good first issue, and my attention

Few things intrigue me as much as the variety of wholly opposite responses that a single work of art will generate One person will react quite positively to a certain aspect of a work. The next viewer will register negative feelings toward that very same aspect. Such controversy is usually reserved for what we call "groundbreakers." (Sorry to put you on the spot like that, Johnny 3. Now get your nose out of that Manchester book and get back to work!)

By the way, some of the very color touches which Wally objected to were the touches which I liked **best** *in the first* ***FIA*** *episode. In all honesty, though, neither John nor I were completely satisfied with the coloring in* ***FIA*** *#1. We analyzed the problems, and John put those decisions he agreed with to work on episode #2, formulating a whole new approach to gray-line painting in the process. I like it, but in the end the decision about how well it works is really up to Dr 3 himself*

About what Scout does after dealing with the 4 Monsters and President Grail, all I can say is that if I thought the concept was limited to that, I certainly wouldn't have compromised myself in taking the character beyond the 6-issue special series originally announced (I got a special kick out of Barry's "Scooby Doo" anthology, by the way. Is our versatile buddy, Mark Evanier still involved with that show, cat? [M E sez: "No, I'm not, but the current season was produced by **DNAgents** *artist, Mitch Schauer!"—cat]*

I'm dealing with a future history here, Barry, and am consciously establishing several different themes, events, and characters that I can work from later Scout's story would hardly end should he resolve the question of the Monsters. Such an event would only set other wheels in motion

• • • •

John Egan
No Address

Just put down the first issue of *Scout*, and though I think it would be a little hasty to say we have a sure-fire winner here, the concept definitely shows promise The quality of the writing and drawing were high, and the plotline solid and open-ended enough to maintain my interest What really concerns me, however, are the characters. I have no doubts about Scout's courage or resourcefulness, but why did he agree so readily to the Gahn's demands? And don't just tell me he's the "chosen one," either People make up their own minds, whether they're aware of it or not

And who is this John Snyder III person? *Zounds!* The man can draw up a storm! Very nicely executed little intro into a futuristic funland. But, again, it's the characters. I don't dislike them Ms. Knight is ultra cool with her little eyepatch and big gun. But I'd like more. The strip is only 8 pages old, so I'm not going to judge it too harshly. But every day I become a little more wary of comic strips which are all style and no substance

I'll be back for the second issue of *Scout*, and if the quality skyrockets or takes a nosedive I'll let you know

Thanks for the warning, John.

Hopefully, you're already learning more about who Scout is. As for "why," that might be something that Scout is asking **himself.** *According to several sources, there are two ways for an Apache to acquire Power. One is "diya baniya" ("you find power"), in which a would-be owner of a particular Power (and there are many types of Power) actively seeks the acquisition of that Power. The other, "diya saniya" ("power finds you"), is when a power, acting on its own, seeks a person of exceptional worthiness and qualifications to be its owner*

In effect, John, that makes Scout (yes, you guessed it) a "Chosen One." At least, **Scout** *thinks he is. However time-honored or time-worn that concept might seem to you, it nonetheless suits a particular theme within the overall story I'm trying to tell*

It's also interesting to note that one might refuse the power being offered. Such refusal can often have serious consequences. . . . As the results of Santana's actions begin to pile up, he might just find himself having to make such a decision

Hang in there, gang. We're just getting started.

• • • •

Weird. I'm taking a break from inking *Scout* 5 to answer letters from *Scout* 1 that will appear in *Scout* 3. And at the time I'm writing this, *Scout* 2 hasn't even hit the stands! Where are those pesky *Time Beavers* when you *need* them?

Next issue, I'll try to get Dr. 3 to cough up his bio (And one of these days, I'll get John to show you folks some of his sketchbook pages)

In *FIA*, the gals get *cold*, as we learn more about Roxanne and the motives behind her madness

In *Scout*, things start heating up in Houston—quite literally—as Santana assaults Energy Advisor Eagré's zeppelin.

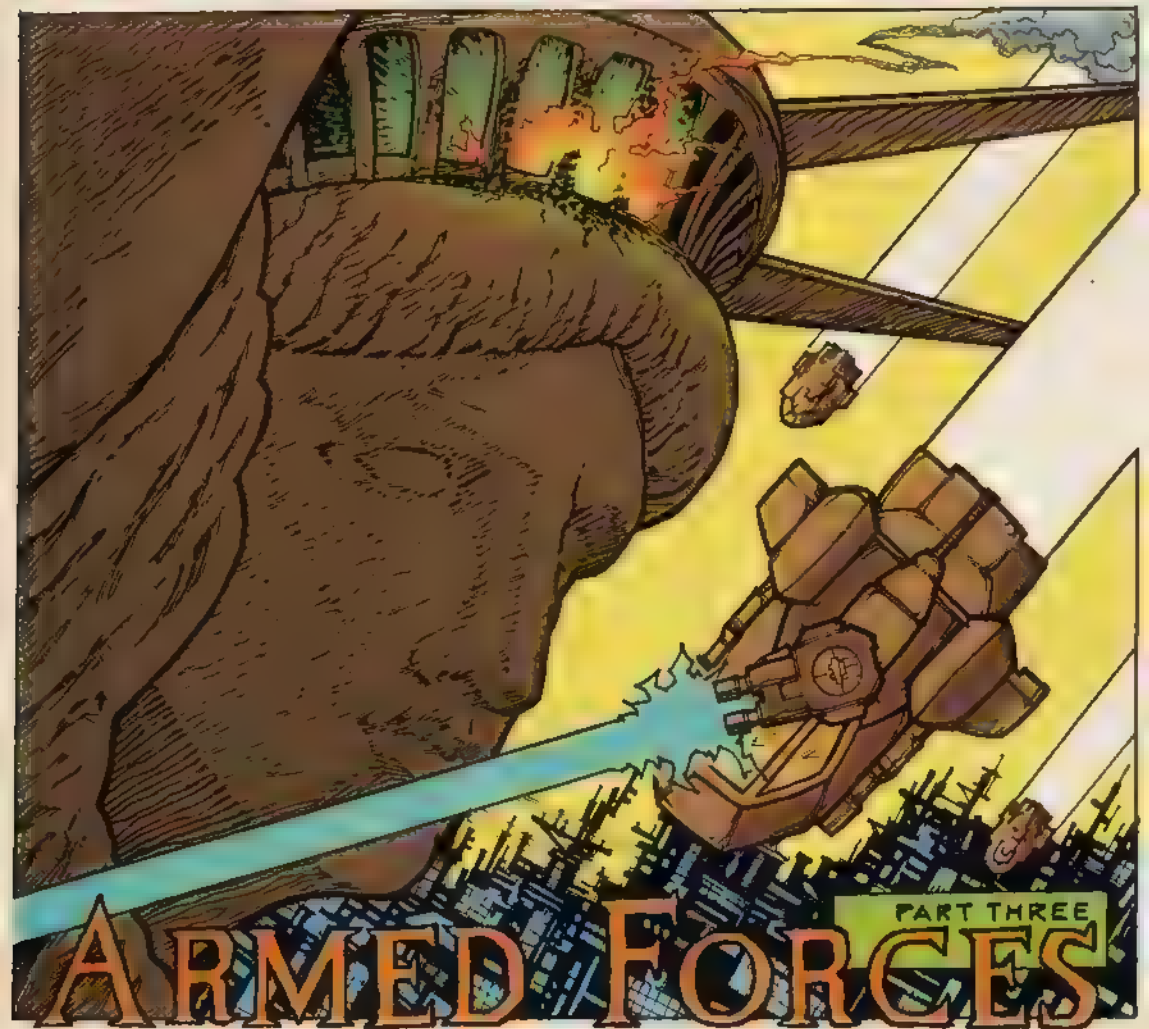
Plus a special treat: You'll see that Master Letterer Tim Harkins is also a Master Draftsman Yep. Get ready, America. *There's a new breakfast cereal in town*

See ya then Bring a flak jacket

—Timothy Truman

Fashion in Action

OUR STORY SO FAR: THE YEAR 2087 OPENED WITH A BANG WHEN MR SHOWBIZ, **JOHNNY MARS,** WAS KIDNAPPED BY THE SINISTER **DR. CRUEL.** A DAMAGING BLOW FOR **FASHION IN ACTION**, THE EXCLUSIVE PROTECTION AGENCY HIRED TO GUARD JOHNNY. NOW, MORE THAN THE F.I.A.'S REPUTATION IS ON THE LINE, AS DR. CRUEL'S CRAZED PROTÉGÉ, **ROXANNE,** LEADS AN AERIAL ASSAULT ON THE F.I.A.'S NEW HEADQUARTERS, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY...

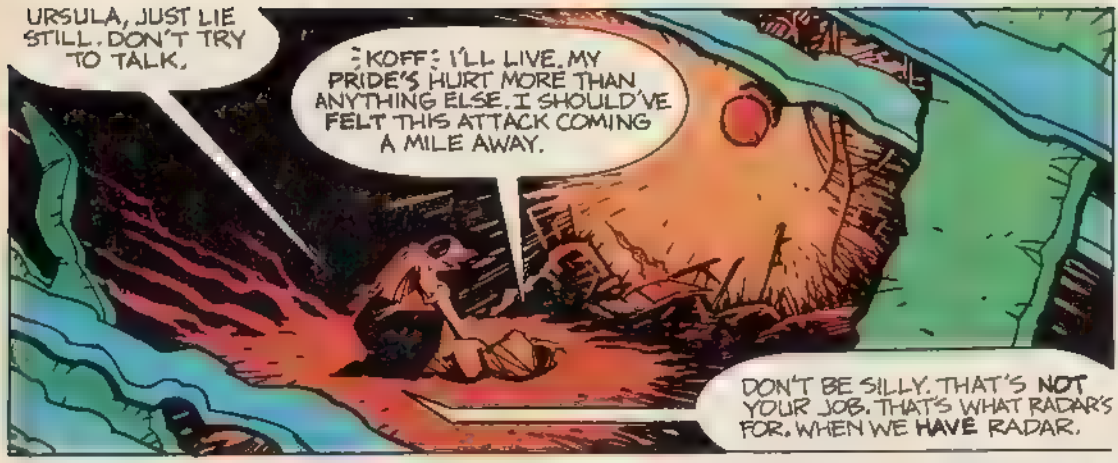


PART THREE

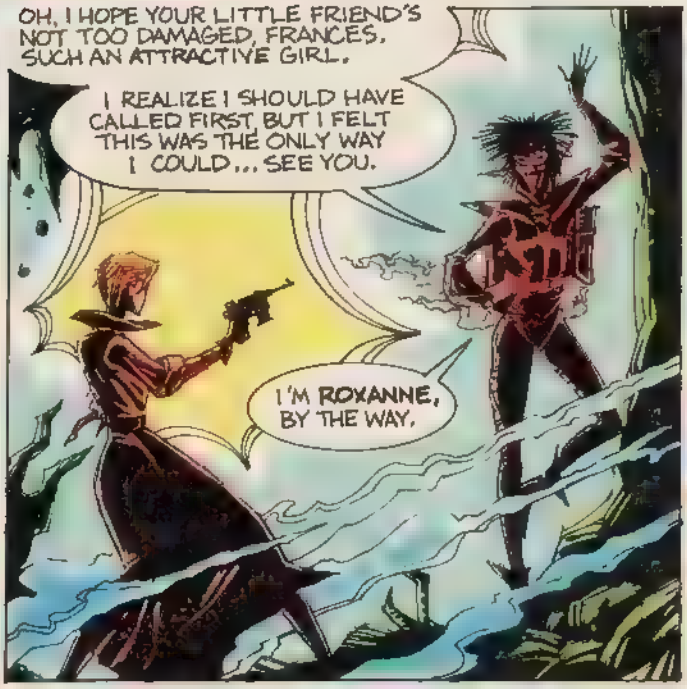
ARMED FORCES

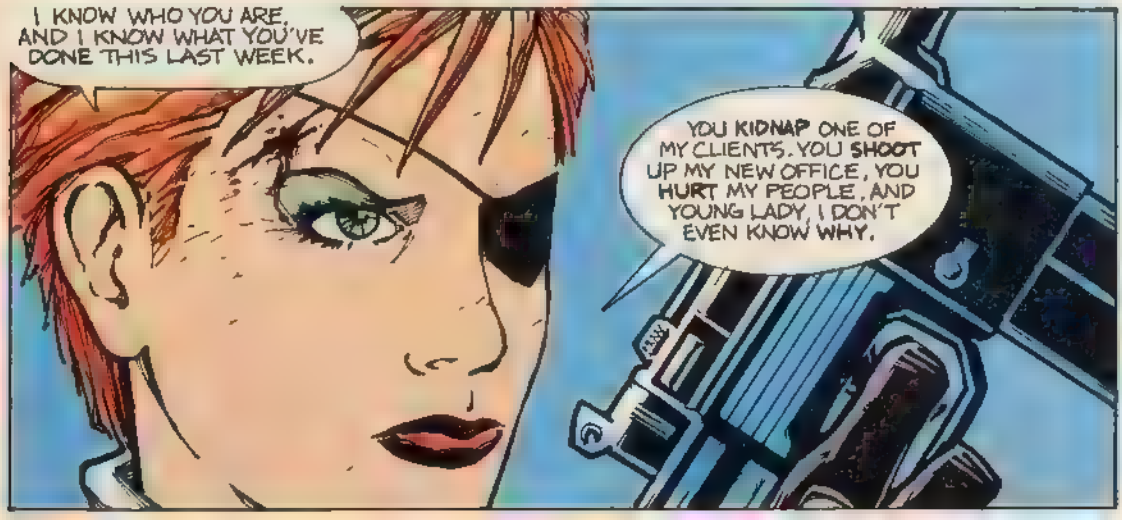
BY JOHN K. SNYDER III · CO-WRITER/CHRIS FAUVER · EDITOR/ ⊕ CAT YRONWODE

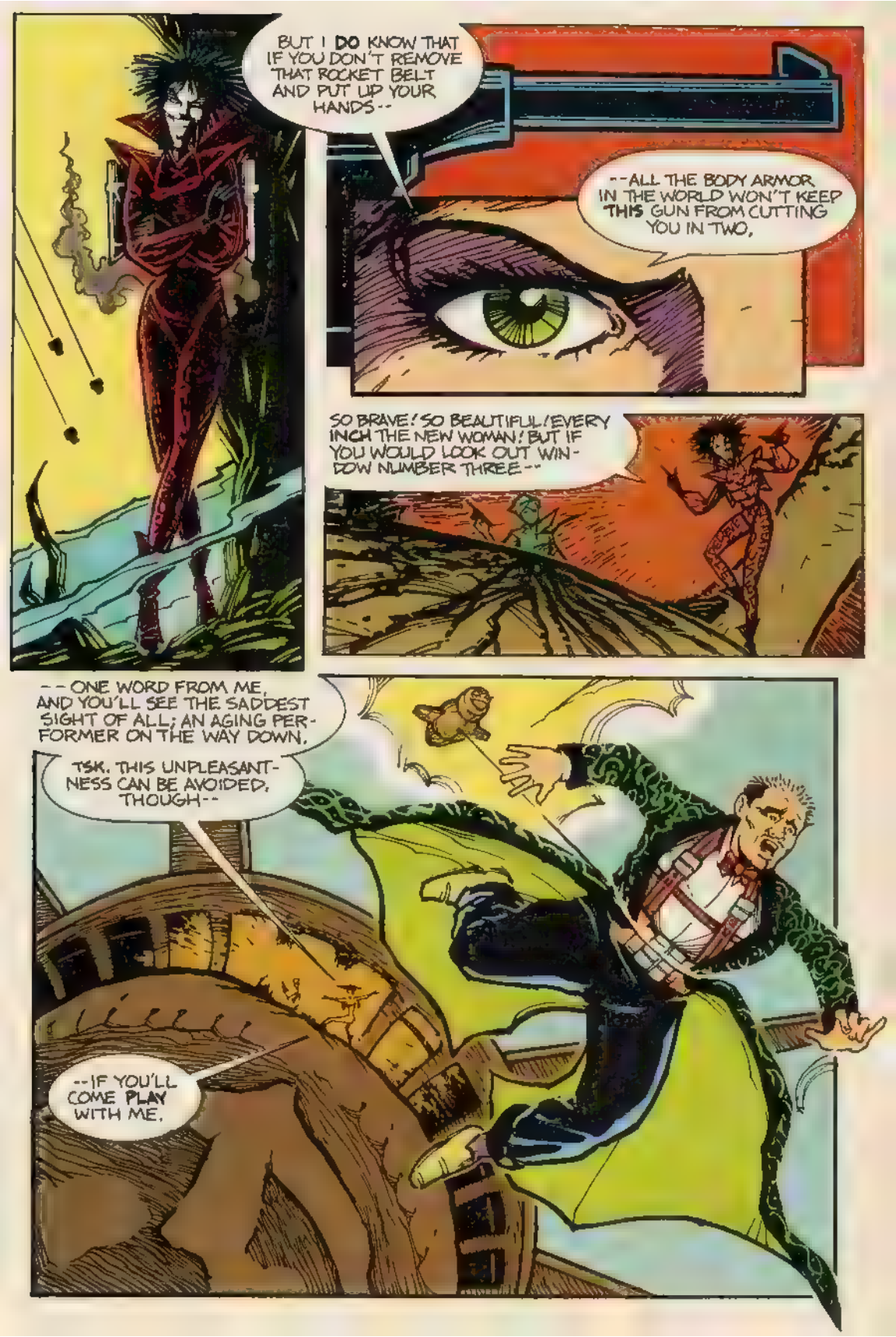
GET DOWN, SARAH! THEY'RE NOT SHOOTING BLANKS!
VIPVIPVIPVIPVIPVIPVIPVIPVIPVIPVIP-
NEITHER AM I, PARTNER!
WHOOM!
KELLY! WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE RAVEN-50s IN THE AIR!
NEGATIVE! THE AIRFIELD'S JUST A SHOOTING GALLERY NOW! WE'RE MORE USEFUL ALIVE!
THEY'VE HIT THE OFFICE!
GOOD LORD! URSULA AN' THE BOSS ARE UP THERE!


URSULA, JUST LIE STILL. DON'T TRY TO TALK.
:KOFF: I'LL LIVE. MY PRIDE'S HURT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. I SHOULD'VE FELT THIS ATTACK COMING A MILE AWAY.
DON'T BE SILLY. THAT'S NOT YOUR JOB. THAT'S WHAT RADAR'S FOR. WHEN WE HAVE RADAR.

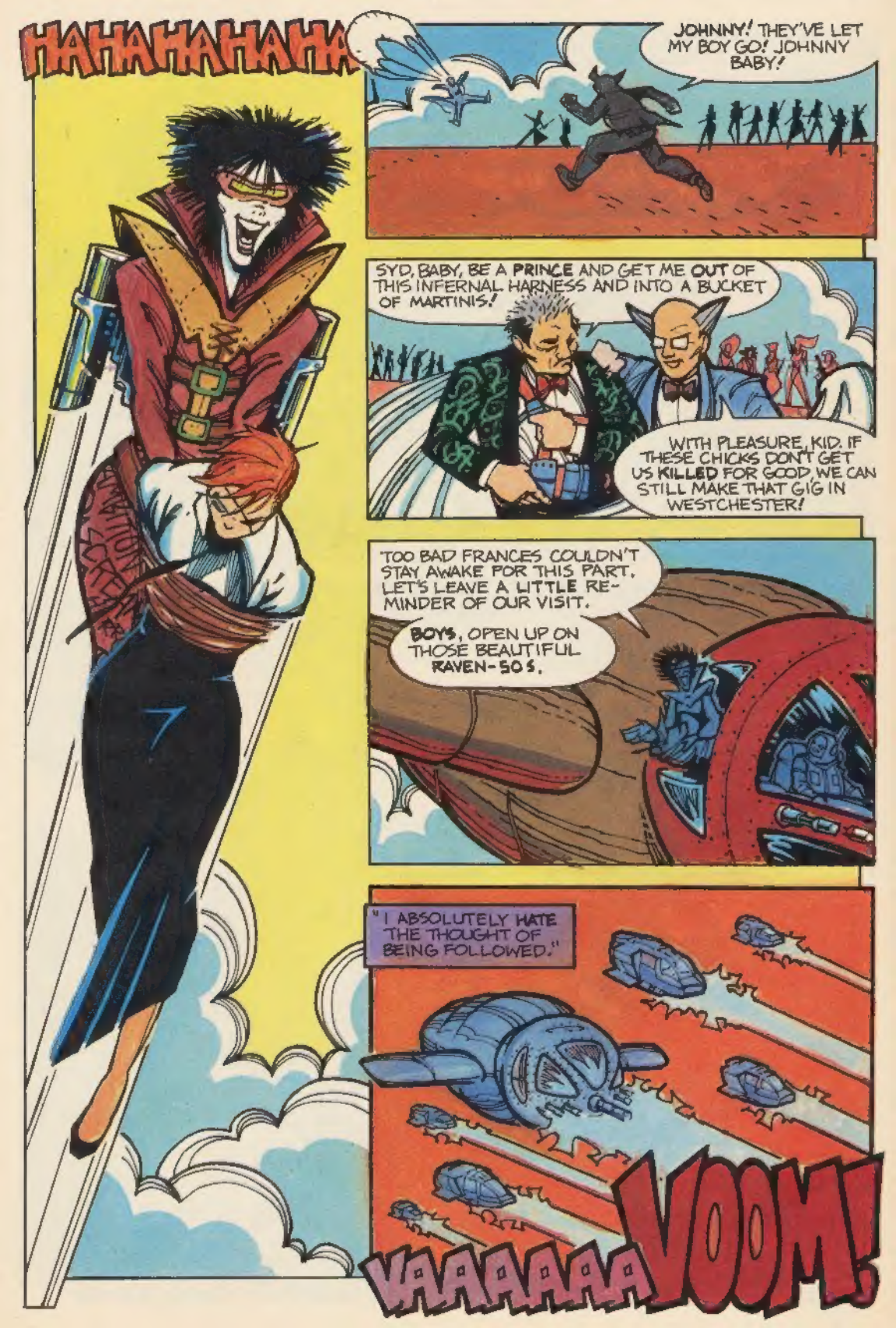
HOLD ON. LET ME GET--
YOO HOO! MIND IF I DROP IN?
UHHHH:


OH, I HOPE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND'S NOT TOO DAMAGED, FRANCES. SUCH AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL.
I REALIZE I SHOULD HAVE CALLED FIRST, BUT I FELT THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD... SEE YOU.
I'M ROXANNE, BY THE WAY.


I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE THIS LAST WEEK.
YOU KIDNAP ONE OF MY CLIENTS. YOU SHOOT UP MY NEW OFFICE, YOU HURT MY PEOPLE, AND YOUNG LADY, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY.


BUT I DO KNOW THAT IF YOU DON'T REMOVE THAT ROCKET BELT AND PUT UP YOUR HANDS--
--ALL THE BODY ARMOR IN THE WORLD WON'T KEEP THIS GUN FROM CUTTING YOU IN TWO,
SO BRAVE! SO BEAUTIFUL! EVERY INCH THE NEW WOMAN! BUT IF YOU WOULD LOOK OUT WINDOW NUMBER THREE--
--ONE WORD FROM ME, AND YOU'LL SEE THE SADDEST SIGHT OF ALL; AN AGING PERFORMER ON THE WAY DOWN.
TSK. THIS UNPLEASANTNESS CAN BE AVOIDED, THOUGH--
--IF YOU'LL COME PLAY WITH ME.

HOLD YOUR FIRE! THAT'S JOHNNY THEY'VE GOT UP THERE!
NO-NO-NO! I CANNOT WATCH MY CAREER LITERALLY HANG BY A THREAD! WHY DID I EVER GET INTO THIS BUSINESS?
AT LEAST SYDMAN'S KEEPING HIS WITS ABOUT HIM.
THAT'S IT, DEAR, DROP THE GUN. I'M SURE THAT, IN TIME, YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU MADE THIS DECISION.
I'M REALLY A SPLENDID CONVERSATIONALIST, YOU KNOW.
NOW WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S THE WRATH OF DR. CRUEL! I WARNED YOU!
HAHAHAHAHAHAH


HAHAHAHAHA
JOHNNY! THEY'VE LET MY BOY GO! JOHNNY BABY!
SYD, BABY, BE A PRINCE AND GET ME OUT OF THIS INFERNAL HARNESS AND INTO A BUCKET OF MARTINIS!
WITH PLEASURE, KID. IF THESE CHICKS DON'T GET US KILLED FOR GOOD, WE CAN STILL MAKE THAT GIG IN WESTCHESTER!
TOO BAD FRANCES COULDN'T STAY AWAKE FOR THIS PART. LET'S LEAVE A LITTLE REMINDER OF OUR VISIT.
BOYS, OPEN UP ON THOSE BEAUTIFUL RAVEN-50S.
"I ABSOLUTELY HATE THE THOUGHT OF BEING FOLLOWED."
VAAAAAAA VOOM!

WRAAAAMMMMMM!!!

SAC/PORT TO CROUGH. THIS IS COWBOY.

YOUR SEVEN BOGEYS JUST VANISHED OFF THE BIG SCREEN. NO APPARENT MALFUNCTION. WE'VE PRETTY MUCH JUST GOT OUR MOUTHS HANGING OPEN AT THIS END--OVER.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, CROUGH.

WE'RE GOING TO BE JUST FINE.

colors: Chris'n' John 3

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FOR BEST RESULTS, PASTE KELLY AND STRUT ONTO SHIRT CARDBOARD AND CUT OUT. USE SLOT TO INSERT ZIFF BURGER OR AK-AK 47.
SILK SCARF BY CHAYSON.
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LOOSE SWEATER MADE OF CASHMERE. DESIGN BY BERDGORF OF TIBET.
FOLD BACK HAIR TO FIT CAP.
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KELLY
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